

FREER'S GLEN  
AT  
WATKINS.

A HAND BOOK FOR THE USE OF TOURISTS.

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BY GEORGE M. ELWOOD.

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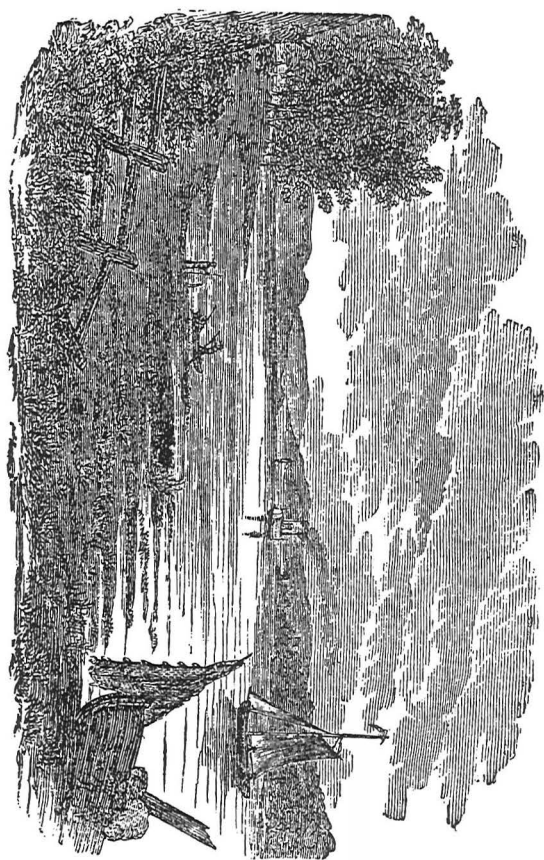














## PREFACE.

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SINCE the Watkins Glen has become so widely known, and the number of its yearly visitors so large, the necessity for a book like this has been greatly felt, and the many inquiries that have been made for such a work have led to the preparation of this. The original project was to publish a voluminous book, profusely illustrated with wood engravings. At some future day we shall bring it out in such a form; but in order to supply the immediate demand, it was impossible to extend the work beyond its present limits.

The writer has endeavored to meet the wants of the visitor by giving a simple description of the scenery of this wonderful glen, without attempting to embellish it in the least—only making it a hand-book, pointing out the various objects of interest, in order that all may be seen and the services of a guide rendered unnecessary. The distances, heights, etc., have been given with all the accuracy possible from the most reliable estimates, for owing to the peculiar conformation of this locality, actual measurement is impracticable. They may not in all cases be perfect in exactness, but are substantially correct.

In the latter part of the book will be found some hints to those who have not had experience in exploring the glen, concerning suitable dress, etc.

In putting forth this little book the writer has to return his sincere thanks to his kind friend, Mr. ELLS, one of the proprietors of the glen, for the uniform courtesy shown him, and the invaluable assistance rendered in its preparation.



## To Seneca Lake.

PERCIVAL.

On thy fair bosom, silver lake,  
The wild swan spreads his snowy sail,  
And round his breast the ripples break,  
As down he bears before the gale.

On thy fair bosom, waveless stream,  
The dipping paddle echoes far,  
And flashes in the moonlight gleam,  
And bright reflects the polar star.

The waves along thy pebbly shore,  
As blows the north wind, heave their foam,  
And curl around the dashing oar,  
As late the boatman hies him home.

How sweet, at set of sun, to view  
Thy golden mirror spreading wide,  
And see the mist of mantling blue  
Float round the distant mountain's side.

At midnight hour, as shines the moon,  
A sheet of silver spreads below,  
And swift she cuts, at highest noon,  
Light clouds, like wreaths of purest snow.

On thy fair bosom silver lake,  
O! I could ever sweep the oar,  
When early birds at morning wake,  
And evening tells us toil is o'er.



## THE GLEN.

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THERE is not to be found in this country, perhaps in the world, a more strikingly wonderful and beautiful freak of nature than the WATKINS GLEN. Differing essentially in all its characteristics from any other remarkable locality of natural interest, it has as distinct an individuality as the Falls of Niagara or the Mammoth Cave.

The Glen is situated in Schuyler County, at the head of Seneca Lake, between two ranges of hills which seem to be torn asunder by this valley. It consists properly of a number of Glens, rising one above another, and extending several miles in all, forming a series of rocky arcades, galleries and grottos, subterranean at times, and again widening out into vast amphitheatres, the grandeur and magnificence of which cannot be fully realized by description. The course of the Glen is nearly east and west, and the total ascent, about eight hundred feet. It forms the channel for a limpid stream which follows its eccentric course making the descent by a myriad of cascades and rapids, the beauty and variety of which is unequalled anywhere.

The Glen lies just above the village of Watkins, and but a few minutes walk from the hotels. Watkins is on the Northern Central Railroad forty-seven miles from Canandaigua and twenty-two from Elmira. Two trains run each way daily connecting at Canandaigua with the New York Central Railroad, and at Elmira with the Erie Railway and all points south and east. It is also reached by a daily line of steamers, running from Geneva to Watkins, touching at all points along the lake. This is by far the most delightful way of reaching the Glen, as the scenery of this beautiful lake is equal to anything on the continent.

Seneca Lake is one of the most remarkable inland bodies of water in the world. It is forty miles long and varies from two to five miles in width. The water is of great depth and purity, in many places it being impossible to touch the bottom by the ordinary methods of sounding. The shores are grand and picturesque, consisting of a succession of hills and promontories sweeping back from the lake in graceful lines, their sides thickly wooded in some places, in others covered with well tilled farms and vineyards. Beautiful villages here and there peer from their settings of Emerald green; the farm houses and buildings have a comfortable and substantial look, and speak well for the thrift, industry and taste of their owners. As we pass up the lake on a steamer the two shores seem like moving panoramas, presenting new beauties every moment. It is a remarkable fact in

connection with this lake that in the coldest weather in winter it never freezes. The steamers run the length of the lake uninterruptedly during the entire year. The steamers are of the most comfortable kind and every attention is paid to the convenience and pleasure of their guests.

It will be seen therefor that this locality is readily accessible from all directions. The hotel accommodations are all that could be desired, embracing all the conveniences and privileges of watering places without the accompanying annoyances and ruinous tariffs.

It is only recently that the Glen has been accessible to visitors. Its existence was of course known to those living in the immediate vicinity, but owing to the impossibility of entering it from any point, little or nothing was known of its extent or of the wealth of beauty that lay in its hidden recesses. Its entrance is of such a form that no one would imagine that the gorge extended more than a dozen rods. In 1863 the glen was first brought to public notice, and stair-cases built so as to render the first section passable. In 1864 further improvements were made. Since then the work has been going steadily on. The last opening was made in the summer and fall of 1865.

The Glen is now open to visitors for about two miles from its entrance and extends still beyond, but it is not deemed expedient to open any farther at present for this reason. The character of the glen is such that the ascent

is necessarily performed on foot, and there is so much climbing to be done that it now forms as long a journey as it is advisable to take on a warm summer day. An adventurous and ambitious spirit causes many to wish to go as far as any of their predecessors have been. This would lead to over exertion and disastrous consequences on the part of some, were the glen open much farther than it now is. And besides the scenery grows finer and more beautiful as we advance, until finally the culminating point is in the upper glen now open; beyond that the scenery is but a repetition of that in some of the lower glens, and loses in grandeur after passing through the intervening ones.

We will now proceed with a detailed description of the ascent of the glen, and endeavor to present it in such a manner that the visitor may find it a material aid in pointing out many things which might, without it, escape unnoticed.

### The Ascent.

Along the west side of the valley an almost unbroken succession of hills rise abruptly to a towering height, lifting their heads far above the level plain below, upon which Watkins is built. It is a notch or gorge between two of these hills that forms the glen. Passing up Franklin street a few minutes walk brings us to the entrance of the glen. On either side stand frowning hills like monster sentinels guarding the entrance, and from between them

a limpid little stream runs out, and winds quietly to the lake, across the level valley, as though tired from its angry and tortuous passage through the glen, buffeted by rocks and broken into a hundred cascades, it was now resting, idly reflecting the sunbeams, before taking its final plunge into the cool depths of the lake.

Turning from the road we enter the defile between the guarding hills, and commence our pilgrimage. The first object that attracts our attention is a ruined mill standing beside the stream, which serves to give an additional picturesqueness to the scene. We pass under the dilapidated flume of the mill and find ourselves ushered into a vast rocky amphitheatre, the walls of which rise in beetling cliffs on either side. Ahead of us the walls almost meet, and farther passage seems barred with the exception of a narrow rift in the rocks, as if they had, by some mighty power, been torn asunder. Through this narrow portal the stream issues, and we can already hear the music of falling water. As we draw nearer we see a slender staircase, clinging to the cliff on the north side, and entering the rift. As we try to penetrate the dark recesses with the eye, we see a wall of rock extending directly across the chasm, and apparently ending it. We ascend the staircase, which although it looks slender, is very strong and secure, and find ourselves in the entrance of what is called Glen Alpha, or the first glen. As we are climbing the staircase, we see that the channel makes a sharp turn to the left, which accounts for the apparent

obstruction. The Entrance Cascade now meets our view. This is a narrow thread of water shooting out from an angle in the rocks into a deep, dark pool thirty feet below. At the head of the staircase is a little bridge spanning the stream. Here we pause a few moments to rest and take a look down through the amphitheatre we have just left, at the ruined mill, out across the smiling valley to the green hills beyond, and down through the jagged edges of rock to the deep blue pool broken into circling ripples by the falling column of water.

Here, for the first time, the delightful sensation steals over us, produced by the invigorating and inspiring atmosphere. The air as it draws down through the glen is cool, fresh and bracing, and is laden with a thousand sweet odors. We look upward through the glen and realize now the stupendous grandeur of this masterpiece of nature, and seem to draw inspiration from its wild magnificence. We feel new strength and an eagerness to make the ascent. We seem to have forgotten the outer world that we have left behind us, and to be in a kind of fairy-land, the work of some ancient race of giants. One of the sensations usually experienced, by those who visit the glen for the first time, is one of apparent danger and almost terror, but this rapidly wears away, and we see that what appear to be dangerous places are not so in reality. It may be well here to say that every precaution has been taken to render the tour of the glen perfectly safe. All that threatened danger has been removed,

and every unsafe place guarded. Some passages that seem dangerous are only a little difficult, and devoid of any possible peril. It is a noteworthy fact that since the opening of the glen as a place of public resort, no accident has ever occurred there, notwithstanding the thousands upon thousands that have threaded its labyrinths unguided.

Looking upward from the point where we now stand what a sight bursts upon us! Towering and irregular cliffs of dark rock rising one above another till they seem to meet in the clouds, angular and sullen they seem to forbid approach! A little narrow thread of sky is all that reminds us of the world we have left, and that is barred and spangled by patches of bright green foliage. "All the air a solemn stillness holds" unbroken save by the singing and plashing of some distant cascade, or occasionally the murmuring ripple of the stream as it courses through its rocky channel. At numerous places in the glens we pause and wonder how we can possibly go much farther, the way appears so impassable, and the distance so inaccessible; but as we advance the way always opens, and gives far more interest to the ascent than though we could clearly mark our way before us.

Crossing the bridge we see a short flight of steps hewn in the rock on the south side. We ascend these, and before us lies a pathway, also cut in the solid rock, leading along under the overhanging cliffs and some feet above the stream. We are now fairly in The Entrance

Gorge. As we gaze down into the pellucid depths of the water, and up at the façade of rock on the opposite side, new beauties strike us at every step. The various hues and tints of the rock, the eccentric combinations of curves and angles, as if nature had, in a fit of lawlessness, endeavored to see what wildly grotesque and yet beautiful images she could produce.

We now catch a glimpse of the second cascade, called Minnehaha. It is a beautiful one, irregular and yet full of grace. The water, broken several times in its fall, is dashed into foam and spray, which forms a brilliant contrast to the dark rocky surroundings. Following the path we come to a rustic seat, from which a charming view is obtained in both directions, and here it would be well to advise visitors not to press on too eagerly in ascending the glen, but to proceed deliberately and frequently look back, as in many cases the views, looking down the glen, are the finest.

Looking forward at the narrow gorge we are about entering, we see a staircase just above us, and beyond that, we see still another, almost perpendicular in its position, and of great height. This portion of the glen is called The Labyrinth. The channel of the stream is here very narrow. We cross by the plank which is thrown over it, and ascending several steps cut in the rock, we mount the staircase which again brings us to the south bank. A little farther under the shelving cliffs of rock and we are at the foot of The Long Staircase. Here, we

are in a strangely wild and interesting place. Before going up the staircase we will pass under it and up the glen a little way. We find ourselves in a subterranean grotto, almost circular in form, dark and damp, but sublimely grand. This is called The Gnome's Grotto, and one can easily imagine this dismal chamber to have been the haunt of "sprites of darkness." Here the Cavern Cascade leaps from the rocks above, down forty feet, into a deep pool beneath. The cascade is a single column of water not altogether unlike The Entrance Cascade, but much grander. The rocky walls of the Grotto reverberate the echoes of the falling water until the sound is fairly deafening. Returning to the staircase we ascend fifty feet, and are glad to avail ourselves of the rustic seat at the top, for it is no easy pull up the forty-seven steps. This is the head of the first glen, Glen Alpha. We look back of us, and are never tired of the charming views presented at every angle. Looking forward we see a portion of the second glen, which is called Glen Obscura. The peculiar formation of this part of the glen renders it impassable, hence its name. It can, however, be all seen from above. It contains no very remarkable features, but forms a series of charming birds-eye views when seen from the cliffs above. The section of Glen Obscura, which we see from the head of the staircase is called The Profile Gorge, from a striking Indian profile it contains, of which we will speak hereafter. At the head of this gorge are the remains of an old dam over which the water

pours in an unbroken sheet. Far above, hanging apparently suspended in mid-air in a setting of emerald foliage, we see the stars and stripes of our national ensign. This is at the Glen Mountain House.

After a refreshing rest, we again start upon our journey. We scramble up a path that leads towards the entrance of the glen, for a little way, and then turning sharply to the left leads up the glen again, through the woods and along the verge of the gorge. Here is Point Look-off, where the path runs out to the top of a high cliff, and commands a beautiful view of the glen below. We are forcibly impressed with the miraculous beauty of the foliage, which appears all the brighter as we emerge from the dark recesses of the glen. It is a singular fact that nowhere perhaps, upon the American continent, can such a range of vegetation be found within such narrow limits and in such close juxta-position. On the northern slopes, in sheltered nooks, protected from the winds, and in a great measure from frost and snow, and exposed to the warm rays of the sun, the vegetation is almost tropical. Many plants are there found, especially among the lower orders, that are indigenous to Tennessee and the Carolinas. The fern family is largely represented, and some of the most beautiful species are here found; many of the varieties attain a degree of luxuriance that astonishes the student who is familiar with them. High up on the southern cliffs, exposed to the keen north winds sweeping down the lake, many plants are found that belong far to

the north. Stunted firs, mosses and lichens that are rarely found south of the Hudson's Bay country are here represented. The lamented Professor Pickett, who was a botanist of rare merit, had long entertained a plan of preparing a work upon the Botany of this remarkable locality, which he had studied closely. This plan was terminated by his untimely death.

Pursuing this delightful path, by a gradual ascent we come upon the Glen Mountain House, perched on a sort of a natural shelf midway between the bed of the stream and the top of the glen, high above the Profile Gorge and nestling among the trees and shrubbery. To M. Ells & Co., the proprietors of the Mountain House, the visitors' thanks are due, for opening to the world, at the cost of an immense amount of labor and money, the marvellous beauties of the glen. Their patience and indefatigable perseverance have surmounted all the difficulties. When we reflect upon the difficulty attendant upon getting the timber and lumber, that has been used in the construction of the buildings, stair-cases and bridges, to its present position; it being impossible to use horses for the purpose; and reflect that thousands of feet of the pathways and many of the stairs, are cut in the solid rock; and that hundreds of obstructions and threatening masses of stone have had to be removed, we then see what has been accomplished. The Mountain House is an unpretending structure, but is a welcome sight to the tourist. The chairs and lounging places upon its veranda are luxuries, indeed, after our

tramp, and its refreshments are solid comforts. Here are commodious dressing rooms for the accommodation of guests. Those who are not fully prepared for the farther ascent of the glen, can here array themselves suitably.

From the promenade in front of the house, we look down into the gorge, and there, upon the edge of a rock that juts out from the north bank, just below the Reservoir Fall, and standing out in bold relief against the snowy whiteness of the water, can be seen the Profile. It is composed of dark rock, and bears a wonderful resemblance to an Indian face. It is more striking, if possible, than the celebrated Old Man of the Mountain, in the Franconia Notch.

After ample rest, we again start on our journey with renewed vigor. Just above the Mountain House is a convenient platform, erected for the use of pic-nic parties. Our way lies through the woods by a shaded path, from which we have frequent glimpses down into the Glen Obscura, this portion of which is called the Mystic Gorge.

After our walk through the woods, the path gradually descends until we are nearly on a level with the stream. Here in the rocks, in all directions, are found the remains of the same kind of pools that are now seen in the bed of the stream. A word on the formation of these pools may not prove uninteresting to those who are not already familiar with them. In the early Spring, when the stream is very high, and the ice is breaking up, large quantities of rock, boulders, gravel and sand are carried

down from above, forced along by the tremendous power of the water and the logs and trees that are uprooted. Sometimes one of these boulders lodges in a natural seam in the rock, or in a curve in the bed of the stream, and is there whirled and rolled around until, aided by the sand and gravel that collects, it gradually grinds out these basins or pools in the softer rock beneath. This process going on for years and years, has worn some of them to an immense size. In many instances, at some succeeding flood, the boulder has been forced from its resting place at the bottom of the pool and carried away, but in a great number of cases, especially in the upper glens, the boulders are still to be seen in the basins they have carved. The remains of these basins are in many places to be seen now high and dry, where the channel has changed and left them. The popular idea concerning the formation of these glens, and similar ones, is, that they have been gradually cut from the rock, by the process we have just described, which continued year after year and century after century has extended them to their present magnitude. Others suppose it to be an immense rift or fissure in the rock, torn assunder by volcanic agency, and through which the stream has accidentally found its channel. The former theory is the most reasonable, for we see slight changes in the physical characteristics of the glen from year to year, produced by the incessant wearing of the water and the tremendous power of the freshets in the Spring. And

why should not this process, continued for centuries, have produced this grand result ?

Continuing our journey, our path leads us down toward the water again. We see a succession of little rapids and cascades leading into the Glen Obscura, of which this is the termination. These are called the Sylvan Rapids, and very beautifully they glide through their irregular rock channel. At the head of the Sylvan Rapids, a beautiful little rustic bridge spans the stream, from which, as we cross to the south side, we have a delightful birds-eye view, down, through the Glen Obscura for a long distance, of its many windings and mysterious recesses. This upper section of the Glen Obscura has been named The Whirlpool Gorge.

Leaving the bridge and pushing forward a few steps, we find ourselves in Glen Cathedral, which is the third glen. This is truly a masterpiece of nature's handiwork. Here all description fails. Mere words are inadequate to paint a picture that would do this subject justice, or convey to the mind an idea of its grandeur. It is true the principal characteristics can be described, and measurements given, but what pen can tell the inspiring sensations that crowd upon us as we stand in this mighty presence chamber ? We are seized with a reverential awe, and feel an almost irresistible desire to uncover and bow our heads as if we were, indeed, in the great tabernacle of the Supreme Architect of the Universe, reared with his own hands. The Cathedral is in the form of an immense,

oblong amphitheatre, nearly a quarter of a mile in length. The glen is here wider than at any other point, the rocky walls tower to a great height, and are richly draped and tapestried with mosses and clinging vines. The floor is composed of a smooth and even surface of rock, the vaulted arch of sky forms the dome. In the upper end the Central Cascade forms the Choir, and as it dashes from rock to rock, sings continual hymns of praise to the infinite power that created this mighty temple. Alluding to the peculiar feelings inspired by this stupendous work of nature, a worthy friend of the writer's, with whom he once visited it, said, "I have often reflected upon the insignificance of man, but, never so fully realized what a mere atom I was in this incomprehensible universe, as when standing in this vast Cathedral and looking up at its towering walls." Such, indeed, is the sensation produced.

Passing through, on the south side of the Cathedral, we come to another beautiful pool, situated near the upper end—The Pool of the Nymphs. This is one of the most remarkable of these natural basins, singular for its regularity and the surpassing beauty of its form. We are here struck, more than ever before, by the wonderful clearness and purity of the water. As the sun strikes into it, it sparkles until it is fairly radiant. In pools where the water is ten or fifteen feet deep the smallest objects upon the bottom are clearly discernable. Its refracting and distorting powers also are very great. We pass another

series of minaiture rapids and cascades, and come to the foot of the Grand Staircase, by which we are to ascend into the fourth glen. This staircase is in two sections, and is seventy feet in height. As we ascend the Grand Staircase we obtain one of the grandest views of the Cathedral, possible to imagine. We seem suspended in mid-air, with the section, through which we have just passed spread out before us. Turning from this we obtain also a fine view of the Central Cascade at our feet. This fall is a very beautiful one, angular and irregular, yet symmetrical.

After ascending the staircase we find ourselves in The Glen of Pools, so named from the number of the rock basins it contains. Pursuing the path on the north bank a short distance, we come to a pretty rustic bridge, from which is viewed, what has been appropriately termed, The Matchless Scene. This view seems to combine within itself all of the manifold beauties of the glens. It is indescribable. Broken and angular, in its formation, rock and water, cascades and deep pools, winding channels and seething rapids, foliage and sky, all combined in a chaotic intermingling, yet forming a harmonious and picturesque whole. As we follow the pathway cut in the rock we are never tired of admiring the manifold beauties of the water. The sunlight shimmering down through the foliage strikes into the pools, waking their crystal depths into life; new phases of magical beauty striking us at every step like the ever varying changes in a kaleidoscope,

We notice here, as well as in every part of the glen, the total absence of animal life. The water is too rapid for fish to live in; the myriads of insects, that usually swarm in woodland places, find nothing congenial in the cool, dark recesses of the glen, and rarely, a stray bird finds the way into its weird galleries. The woods that line the upper portions of the glen, not many years since, formed a cover for deer, black bears, wolves, panthers and numberless other inhabitants of the forest. All that now remaine is an occasional fox, racoon, or otter. On the pinnacal of some of the loftiest and most inaccessible cliffs, eagles build their nests and rear their young, undisturbed by the march of civilization. They are carefully protected by a rigid law which places a heavy penalty upon their destruction.

We pause here to rest and refresh ourselves. This is indeed an Elysium. All is hushed,

“As though the whole bright summer scene were set  
To the unuttered melody of Rest!”

“How still each leaf of my oak canopy,  
That holds a forest syllable at heart,  
Yet cannot stir enough in all its veins  
To give the murmur'd woodland sentence start.”

In such a place as this, it seems as if we could dream our life away. Leaving this point we follow the path on the south bank, through this section of the glen, employing our time in examining the curious structure of the pools.

We come to a little staircase on the south bank, whereby we are to ascend to a more elevated path ; but before we do so, we pass by it and a little farther up the glen, and obtain a fine view of the Triple Cascade and Rainbow Falls. The Triple Cascade is deemed by many to be the finest in the glen. As its name indicates, it is composed of three portions, one above the other, each different in form from the others, and forming a beautiful combination. Just below the Triple Cascade, on the south side, a little brook leaps over the brow of the cliff, down into the glen, trickling over the irregular surface of the cliff until it reaches a point some twelve or fifteen feet above the pathway, here it falls over a projecting shelf of rock, the edge of which is curved in a crescent form. The water does not descend in a smooth sheet, but in a myriad of tiny threads and drops, forming a sparkling crystal veil behind which the pathway passes. Beyond and above the Triple Cascade, spanning a narrow pass in the gorge, we see the Platform Staircase. This upper section of The Glen of the Pools is called The Giants Gorg'e. We return to the little staircase and ascend to the elevated pathway, and follow it, taking in new views of The Triple Cascade at every step. Finally we come to the Rainbow Fall, and pass behind it. The space between the fall and the cliff is narrow, but yet sufficiently wide to allow free passage. While standing behind the fall and looking out, through the misty curtain, the effect is beautiful beyond comparison. The novelty of the position, and the

peculiar brilliancy that the radiant drops of falling water impart to all viewed through them, fill us with wonder. Pausing a few moments to take a backward look at the beautiful Glen of Pools and the Matchless Scene, we pass the Triple Cascade, and under overhanging rocks, we come to a staircase leading up the south bank. This brings us to an inclined platform thrown across to the north bank, and from this platform another staircase rises to the south cliff again. This structure is called The Platform Staircase. There are seats upon the platform which we find very welcome after our climb, and enjoy the sightly situation we occupy. Here we obtain another fine retrospective view of The Glen of Pools with its shadowy gorges, and also a more defined view of the Rainbow Fall, showing its course before it takes its final leap into the gorge. We are now to pass through Glen Difficulty, so named from the great difficulties which were encountered in opening it to the world. In this section of the glen some of the most severe labor had to be performed, and its final accomplishment was the highest compliment to the engineering skill of those who had it in charge. Looking up the glen we see the beautiful Shadow Gorge. We leave the Platform, ascend the second section of the staircase, and follow the path along the south cliff. The path is narrow and cut in the solid rocky face of the cliff. It winds in and out, following the curves of the gorge, and is high above the water. We proceed cautiously, fearing lest a mis step would precipitate us far into the gulf be-

low; but with a reasonable amount of care there is no possible danger. We now see how appropriately this has been named The Shadow Gorge. The trees on the cliffs above are very high, and in many places almost meet overhead, as the light strikes down through them their shadows are cast upon the cliffs, and their forms reproduced in the pools below, until a combination of beautiful lights and shadows is produced, that surpasses all description. Here the stream seems to be a succession of basins connected by rapids and little falls. Ahead of us is a pretty rustic bridge spanning the stream, and just before we come to it, one of the most beautiful of pools; it is very regular in form, the bottom covered with gravel, and the water of great purity and brilliance. While upon the bridge we pause for another look down the Shadow Gorge, with its ever varying studies of light and shade. Looking up the glen, our journey seems to come to a sudden termination, shut off by a wall as regular as if composed of solid masonry.

We see, on approaching nearer, that the glen makes a sudden turn to the right, around this great cliff that appears to obstruct our farther progress. At this place the seams in the rock intersect each other at right angles, giving to the whole the effect of masonry. The corner formed by this cliff on the south side, also, conveys the idea of the work of human hands. The mosses and ferns are here very fine, indeed, and serve to relieve the monotony of the grey rocks. Crossing the bridge, our path

lies along the north bank. Directly at the foot of this frowning cliff is a large, and very deep pool. The water is from twelve to fifteen feet deep, and as clear as crystal. It passes under the sharp angle of the cliff, and mirrors in its pellucid depths, an inverted picture of the frowning rocks and graceful foliage above. We turn to the right, and our path lies along near the stream, winding around the angles of the cliff. The water trickling from above, and running down over the rocks, makes our pathway damp but not slippery ; still some little caution is necessary to keep ourselves upright. The gorge before us is known as the Narrow Pass. The walls tower high on either side, and approach near together. After rounding another sharp curve, we come to one of the apparently difficult passages in the glen, although in reality, it is not so. We are here obliged to cross the stream by means of large stones, placed near together in the bed of the brook. Having crossed to the south side, we see that our pathway lies some ten or twelve feet above our present level, and in order to reach it we must climb up a flight of steps composed of a number of niches, cut in the almost perpendicular surface of the cliff. There is a rail to assist us in climbing, and we find that it is very easily accomplished, although, viewed from the opposite bank, it appears to border on impossibility. Having gained the elevated pathway, we proceed along the south side, through the Narrow Pass, under shelving rocks that extend far out over our heads. Passing around an angle, we come

in sight of Pluto Falls. This is the termination of Glen Difficulty. Into this pass the rays of the sun never shine. It appears like a subterranean gallery. The air is damp and cold, and the dashing and rumbling of the Pluto Fall as it echoes through the pass, adds to the gloomy sublimity of the spot. As we draw nearer to the fall, our path ascends, and we obtain a fine view of it. It is one of singular beauty, and essentially different in form from any we have yet seen. It falls into a dark basin below, which is so deep that we cannot see any objects in it. We climb the pathway that leads around the fall; and take leave of Glen Difficulty. We stop to take a farewell look at the Narrow Pass, or, as it is called when viewed from this point, The Spiral Gorge, and enter the last section of the glen, which is called Glen Arcadia, and well it deserves the name, for a more perfect Elysium cannot be imagined. The scene before us has been called The Artist's Dream. Here all the beauties of the other glens, silver cascades and crystal pools, light and shadow, sharp angles and graceful curves, foliage, sky and rock all mingle and produce a picture that more resembles an ecstatic dream, than anything that can elsewhere be found. The rocks do not here tower to such an immense height, nor is the scenery so sublime as in some of the glens through which we have passed, but, what is lost in grandeur, is atoned for, in the exquisite beauty of this scene. Our pathway now lies along the south side to the head of the glen, and the way is now clear before us.

As we pass through, we are lost in the admiration of the manifold beauties that are here crowded together. The rapids are the most beautiful in the glens. The channel is tortuous, and, as in the Glen of Pools, consists of a succession of curiously carved basins connected by narrow rapids and cascades.

Passing under shelving rocks, we finally arrive at the head of the glen, formed by The Arcadian Falls. This is a beautiful unbroken cascade, some twenty ft. in height, falling into a kind of natural grotto. At the foot of the fall is a beautiful basin, and upon the verge of the fall rests an immense stump. This is the end of our pilgrimage. We sit down to rest after our weary ascent, for we have passed through two miles of hard climbing, and are eight hundred feet above our starting point. We are not content to stop here, but, like Alexander, sighing for more worlds to conquer, we regret that we cannot press on still farther, unravelling the mysteries to these cavernous labyrinths.

After a quiet rest at the Arcadian Falls we start on our return. We take it leisurely, and stop frequently to admire the numberless beauties, that escaped us on our ascent. And, we may here say, that the glen is so extensive and complicated, that one may make many visits there, and yet, on each visit find new features that he had not hitherto seen. Sometimes a difference of a few feet in his position will materially alter the outline of the picture before him. It is not unfrequently the case

that the visitor more fully realizes and appreciates the extent, sublimity and grandeur of the glen, after he has once or twice accomplished its ascent. We wend our way back, through Glen Arcadia, Glen Difficulty, down the Platform Staircase and through the Glen of Pools to the Grand Staircase. Here we stop a few minutes to look with wonder, down into the grand old Cathedral, and finally, after descending the staircase, passing through the Cathedral, and retracing the winding path through the woods, we find ourselves again at the Glen Mountain House. Again, it is a most welcome spot; and again, are its refreshments very acceptable. After loitering here a while, we take leave of the Mountain House and its proprietor, and resume our homeward journey, but, not by the path we came. Very few return through the glen from this point. The Long Staircase, although ascended with comparative ease, is too steep to be descended with perfect safety, and, were the return through the glen entirely safe, we should recommend another path as promising fresh beauties.

Leaving the Mountain House, instead of following the path that leads to the Long Staircase, we take one that bears off to the left, along the slope of the hill. This leads us through beautiful groves, and affords us occasional glimpses down into the dizzy depths of Glen Alpha. The roar of the cascades, and cool vapors arising from them reaches us even at this height. As we leave the woods we come out into the most beautiful of cemeteries.

Instead of following the road that leads through the cemetery and down onto the village, we choose a path that enables us to climb still farther up to the summit of Table Mountain, as it is called. We sit down to rest, beneath the stunted evergreens that grow upon the brow of the mountain, and gaze, with mingled delight and amazement at the scene before us. The valley, for miles, lies spread out, like a map, at our feet, forming a perfect picture, not lacking in any particular. Directly below us lies Watkins with its shaded avenues, its beautiful churches, public buildings, warehouses, hotels, etc. At the wharf lie several steamers and a variety of small craft, for Seneca Lake has quite an extensive commerce. The houses have a substantial and comfortable air, and are surrounded by beautiful grounds, ornamented with fine trees and shrubbery. To the north, the lake stretches away as far as the eye can reach, with the sky and clouds mirrored upon its bright blue surface. The hills sweep back from the lake in graceful undulations, the picturesque little towns and villages clinging to their sides, and nestling in the valleys. Back from the lake, miles of well-tilled farms meet our view, and on the slopes of the hills, hundreds of flourishing vineyards are making their appearance. Following the track of the Northern Central R. R., with the eye, along the western shore of the lake, we see an immense coal-wharf. Here the coal that is brought down from the Pennsylvania mines by rail, is transferred to barges and conveyed by water. Great trains of these coal cars

may be seen at almost every hour of the day, each freighted with its precious cargo of fuel. In transferring the coal from cars to boats, the train is run out upon the inclined platform that we see extending out into the lake, elevated sufficiently to allow the boats to pass under. The coal is then dropped through from the cars into the boats. Above Watkins, the valley is as smooth and level as a floor, while on either side, the range of hills raise abruptly from the plain, towering, one above the other, far to the south, growing wilder and more rugged, until farther view is finally shut out by Buck Mountain, which seems to stand at the head of the valley. About three miles above Watkins lies the village of Havana, which has been for some years the county-seat of Schuyler County, until recently, Watkins was made the county town. The immense brick building, that we see in Havana, looming up above all the others, is the one formerly intended to be used by the People's College, but, upon the failure of that institution, it was closed, and has been recently sold to the Masonic Fraternity, to be used for educational purposes. We regret, very much, to leave our elevated position on Table Mountain, and descend to the lower world, but, after a refreshing rest from our wearisome rambles, and after reviewing the panoramic scene below us, and gaining new strength from the pure breezes that sweep the lake, we start down toward the village, stopping only to admire the beautiful situation of the "City of the Dead," through which we pass.

To the lover of the sublime, no grander picture can be imagined than to stand upon Table Mountain and watch a storm coming up the lake. The clouds rolling along over the hill-tops, the veils of falling mist gradually shutting out our view of the distance, the lake lashed into foam by the wind, and the shadows flying over the landscape, produce an effect the grandeur of which cannot be realized, until it has been witnessed.

After returning to the village, if the visitor has time, there are a number of delightful drives in the neighborhood of Watkins that offer tempting inducements. One especially, we cannot refrain from mentioning. It is the road leading from Watkins to Havana, and still farther up the valley. It lies along the level plain on the west side of the valley, under precipitous hills and frowning cliffs, on the one side, and the beautiful plain, with its border of hills on the other. The road is hard and smooth, and margined with trees and shrubbery. At one point, near Havana, a little brook falls over the edge of the cliff, making a very fine cascade. There is a little niche in the face of the rock, near the verge of the fall, in which, an ancient legend says, great treasures were hidden. This whole district lying around the lake was once the hunting ground of the Senecas. In accordance with the manifest destiny of the race to which they belonged, they have all passed away, leaving naught behind them, save their strange and poetic legends, many of which have been preserved and handed down to the present

Almost every spot has some historical interest, and with very many of the localities are associated some of those wild imaginative tales of the wars, loves or wrongs of that race which is fast becoming extinct. These legends clothe their scenes with a deep interest. We can almost imagine their dusky heroes bending "at midnight, from the solemn West," returning to the hunting grounds of their fathers, and once more peopleing these charmed shores.

Just back of the village of Havana is another glen called the Glen Montour. It can be seen from the road. At its entrance is one of the finest cascades in the neighborhood. It seems suspended in mid-air above the village. Over the cascade a little bridge spans the gorge. This glen is named from the celebrated Catharine Montour, and, also, has its historic associations.

To all that can possibly find time, we would say, do not fail to make the trip on Seneca Lake, from Watkins to Geneva! It will richly reward any one. The afternoon trip is usually the pleasantest. The steamer Duncan S. Magee, leaves Watkins at 3.30 o'clock daily, and arrives at Geneva at 8.00. Captain Dey and his steward, Mr. Gilbert, are great favorites with the travelling public, and spare no pains to render the guests comfortable, and the voyage a delightful one. We have already spoken of the charming scenery of the lake. At Rock Stream Point and Big Stream Point, on the west shore, cascades leap from the glens above, into the water. The gorges are spanned

by two slender bridges over which pass the Northern Central Railway. We also have a fine view of Hector Falls, on the eastern shore. The steamer makes a number of stops, crossing and re-crossing from one landing to another. North Hector landing is a most beautiful spot. A broad gravelly road sweeps along the beach, shaded by a row of drooping willows, which, reflected in the lake, produce a beautiful effect. The approach to Geneva is very beautiful. The stately mansions and college buildings situated on the hill, command a grand view of the lake, and look beautifully from the water.

Having finished our description of the Glen and its surroundings, we will now give a few general hints to those who propose to visit the Glen, and have not yet learned from experience, what is necessary to enable them to perform the journey with comfort and pleasure.

## Hints to Visitors.

A great many visitors meet with inconvenience and disappointment, by not knowing the kind of dress proper to be worn while going through the glens. In many places the paths are quite narrow, and are bordered by ferns and mosses that collect moisture, from which long and expansive skirts are apt to suffer. It is frequently necessary to use the hands in climbing the stairways and paths, and consequently it is inconvenient to have a long dress to manage. Glen dresses should be made so short as not to interfere with walking or climbing, and as narrow as possible. The less there is about the costume to encumber the free use of the feet and arms, the better. Long cloaks, shawls, parasols, etc., are inconvenient and superfluous, and should be left at the hotel or at the Glen Mountain House. We have frequently seen ladies, going through the glen, wearing the woolen bathing dresses usually worn at the sea-side. These are just the thing, and such as have them will find them very convenient.

The dress should be of woolen material, for even in mid-summer the glens are cool, and in many places quite damp. Any hat will do, but one that will not be injured by an occasional drop of water, is the best. Thick shoes or boots are much safer for walking on the moist paths and stairways, than rubbers. It is better to prepare for the ascent before entering the glen; but such as do not care to prepare themselves at the hotel, will find a con-

modious room at the Glen Mountain House. In the case of gentlemen, it matters less about suitable dress. Silk hats and fine boots are the only articles liable to suffer much from the trip. A stout cane will be found a valuable assistance in climbing.

In passing through the glen, it is not well to wander a great way from the regular paths, as many, anxious to explore new localities, or obtain a view from some difficult point, might be in danger before they were aware of it. And here, a word of caution. Visitors will observe placards at several places, warning them not to throw stones into the glen. Many do this to hear the noise made by the stones, crashing down through the trees and over the rocks. The reasons why it should not be allowed are obvious, as it must endanger the life of those who may happen to be in the glen below. We would also like to say a word with regard to those who are ambitious to immortalize themselves by carving their names and the date of their visitation upon the face of the rocks, bridges, trees, etc. It is unquestionably a laudable desire to wish to leave some monument behind us in this life, but a serious thought upon the subject will convince any reasonable person, that it is not worth while to mar the beauty and seriously deface such pleasant localities by executing the said laudable desire. In one of his works, Bayard Taylor wishes that the man who chiselled his name in letters a foot long on the base of one of the Colossi at Thebes could be inflicted with a nightly in-

cubus for the rest of his natural life, the chief object of which should be this gigantic figure resting upon his breast. Many of the beautiful rocks along the Hudson River have been converted into unsightly advertising placards. The fine trees upon Goat Island, and other places in the neighborhood of Niagara, are so carved with unmeaning names as to seriously interfere with their symmetrical growth. Nor has the glen entirely escaped from such outrages. It may be drawing too fine a point, but it seems to us, that this practice is downright sacrilege. Those who wish to record their visit will find a register provided for the purpose at the Mountain House.

Pic-nic parties should also be particularly careful not to strew papers, egg-shells, and the remains of their repasts in conspicuous places in the glen, where they will mar the beauties of the scenery.

The proper time for visiting the glen is anywhere from the middle of May to the first of November. The finest views are to be obtained when the water is high, after the spring freshets, or after heavy rains. However, the water is never low enough to injure the beauty of the cascades and rapids. In winter, when the cascades become solid glaciers, and when icicles, many tons in weight, are pendant from the cliffs, the views are gorgeous beyond all description. The ascent is then exceedingly difficult and perilous; few have ever attempted it. Last winter, however, it was successfully accomplished, and by the aid of a photographic camera, a series of grand winter

views were obtained that will give one a distinct idea of the glen while bound in the fetters of the Ice-king. A perfect series of the summer views in the glen has also been made, presenting a complete panorama of the entire length, and skilfully arranged for the stereoscope, for albums, or for framing. They are taken in the highest style of photographic art, and form pleasant souvenirs of a visit to the glen. Complete sets of them will be found at the Glen Mountain House.

We would advise visitors going through the glen to take advantage of all the rustic seats and every convenient place for rest. The scenery fills visitors with wonder, and causes so much eagerness to press on to the end, the air is so invigorating, and the journey affords so much pleasure, that they are apt to entirely forget bodily fatigue, and find, upon coming out into the world again, a kind of reaction, and that they are very much fatigued.

Do not let the cautions we have suggested, or the advice we have given, discourage any from attempting the ascent; for, when taken in a reasonable manner, it is easy, free from all possible danger, and will richly reward all who accomplish it. What we have said has only been to aid those who have not yet visited it, and to guard them against the annoyances that the inexperienced sometimes suffer. Thirty thousand people visited the glen last year alone, and it is expected that number will be doubled this year, yet no accident worthy of note has ever occurred here.

Before concluding we will give a table of the distances from Watkins to various points. This may be of value to those living at a distance, who wish to visit the glens :

## DISTANCE FROM WATKINS TO

|                                   | Miles. |
|-----------------------------------|--------|
| Canandaigua.....                  | 47     |
| Geneva, via. Seneca Lake.....     | 40     |
| Syracuse, by rail.....            | 122    |
| Rochester.....                    | 76     |
| Buffalo, via. N. Y. C. R. R.....  | 145    |
| "    "    Erie R. R.....          | 181    |
| Niagara Falls.....                | 153    |
| Elmira.....                       | 22     |
| New York, via. N. Y. C. R. R..... | 414    |
| "    "    "    Erie R. R.....     | 296    |
| Williamsport.....                 | 100    |
| Philadelphia, via. Baltimore..... | 376    |
| Baltimore.....                    | 278    |

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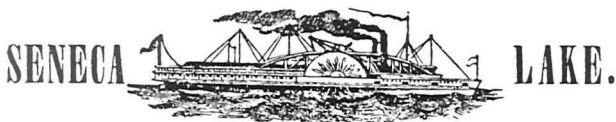
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| Mls. | STATIONS.               | Mls. |
|------|-------------------------|------|
|      | Washington .....        |      |
|      | Philadelphia .....      |      |
| 0    | Baltimore .....         | 325  |
| 7    | Relay .....             | 318  |
| 12   | Timonium .....          | 313  |
| 20   | Sparks .....            | 305  |
| 23   | Monkton .....           | 302  |
| 29   | Parkton .....           | 296  |
| 35   | Freelands .....         | 290  |
| 42   | Glenrock .....          | 283  |
| 46   | Hanover Junction .....  | 279  |
| 49   | Glaufelters .....       | 276  |
| 57   | York .....              | 268  |
| 72   | Goldsborough .....      | 253  |
| 84   | Bridgeport .....        | 241  |
| 85   | Harrisburg .....        | 240  |
| 91   | Marysville .....        | 234  |
| 98   | Dauphin .....           | 232  |
| 99   | Clark's Ferry .....     | 226  |
| 106  | Halifax .....           | 219  |
| 111  | Millersburg .....       | 214  |
| 122  | Georgetown .....        | 203  |
| 126  | Trevorton Junct'n ..... | 199  |
| 138  | Selin's Grove .....     | 192  |
| 188  | Sunbury .....           | 187  |
| 178  | Williamsport .....      | 147  |
| 186  | Cogan Valley .....      | 139  |
| 192  | Trout Run .....         | 138  |
| 202  | Ralston .....           | 123  |
| 218  | Canton .....            | 107  |
| 231  | Troy .....              | 94   |
| 236  | Columbia X Roads .....  | 89   |
| 256  | Elmira .....            | 69   |
| 262  | Horseheads .....        | 63   |
| 266  | Pine Valley .....       | 59   |
| 269  | Millport .....          | 56   |
| 275  | Havana .....            | 50   |
| 278  | <b>WATKINS</b> .....    | 47   |
| 289  | Starkey .....           | 36   |
| 301  | Penn Yan .....          | 24   |
| 311  | Hull's .....            | 14   |
| 314  | Gorham .....            | 11   |
| 319  | Hopewell .....          | 6    |
| 325  | Canandaigua .....       | 0    |
|      | Rochester .....         |      |
|      | Buffalo .....           |      |
|      | Niagara Falls .....     |      |
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